

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers.
1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.
6. Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.
7. Whatever you say—Be true! Straightforwardly act, be honest—in fact, be nobody else but you."

POETRY.

Paths.
From topmost branches where I swing,
Upon a lazy sunny day
I love to watch the swallows wing
Their zig-zag, happy, fearless way,
And plan an aeroplane to follow
The skyward pathway of the swallow.

Last spring I used to sit in school,
While down the pages of my book
I ran paths to distant lands,
Or down beside the old trout brook;
And all these joyous Paths of Wishing
Are most as good as really flying.

Another path that calls to me,
In hazy, nut-time, autumn days,
Leads down to yonder chestnut tree,
Through many leafy winding ways,
On Saturdays we boys all rally
And tread this path to Happy Valley.

Sometimes when sailing on the lake
In uncle's boat, I sit astride
And watch our narrow foaming wake,
When o'er it poises graceful trout,
While sunset's rays soft tangle
I've found the pathway of the Fairies!

But not through woods, or sky, or sea,
Or meadows green, the best paths go
The one that brings most joy to me,
I dig, myself, through drifts of snow,
Then come with me, to fret is folly,
When here's the path that brings most joy.

—Emma Whittey.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

The habit of being ready is a good habit.
Being ready does not mean being in your best clothes, but in the right mood.

Many a boy has failed—it's true—
Not because he'd no chance to do.
But rather because, when the chance to him came,
He wasn't prepared to make use of the same!

"I don't want to!" is older than history,
And he was never ready for anything in his life.
"I can't!" never since time began has grasped one opportunity.
"I guess so!" has also been too slow to be on time.

If you are going to be ready, you must keep these evil associates out of your mind.

There are few companions in life that get such a grip upon a person as these retarding thoughts and they are impediments to progress of every kind.

Let "I won't" take you by the hand when you are tempted to do what is wrong, and "I will" lead you when the exhortation is to do right.
If "I won't" gets in where "I will" should be, and "I will" leads you when "I won't" ought to, you will be doomed.

To be ready, "I won't" and "I will" must be kept in just the right relation to your acts.

You must be ready to say "Yes" and "No" with firmness and keep them in their order; to act with promptness when decision is necessary; to respond when duty or interest require you to. To be ready is to be guarded against peril, and to be open for every good work and good service.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Marianne Blackledge of Norwich: Thank you ever so much for my lovely prize book. I have started to read it and like it. I have quite a library now. I have an English story about a little lame girl. She is so patient and

good. I like to read about her. I read mostly nights after supper.

June Johnson of Chicopee: I thank you for my lovely prize book. As it is near my birthday (June 4th), I shall consider it a birthday present from you.

Alfred Levitsky of Norwich: I thank you for the prize book I received. I certainly enjoy reading it.

Winifred L. Copeland of Hampton: I received the beautiful prize book last night and read it in the evening. It is a good book and ever so interesting. Thank you ever so much for it.

Marjorie Williams of Lebanon: I thank you very much for the prize book you sent me. I have read several pages of it and it found it very interesting.

WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

1—Frank Pardy of Norwich, The High School Rivals.

2—Sarah Becker of Fitchville, Playmates.

3—James Kelley of Versailles, The Boy Scouts Under Fire.

4—Elizabeth M. O'Rourke of Providence, Little Winnie's Mystery.

5—Mary A. Burrill of Stafford Springs, The Two Boy Gold Miners.

6—Susan M. Hatten of Mt. Hope, Children's Garden of Verses.

7—Marie A. Shea of Norwich, A Bunch of Cherries.

8—Winifred Briggs of Jewett City, The Boy Scouts and the Army Airship.

Winners of books living in the city may call at The Bulletin business office for them at any hour after 10 a. m. on Thursday.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

New York City.
New York is located on the banks of the Hudson river on Manhattan Island. Years ago it was only great forests and fields. It was first settled by the Dutch.

It is now the second largest city in the world. It has more than five million people.

One-half of the United States' trade is carried on in New York. It is a port for European commerce. This is due to its good harbor, where the largest ships can anchor.

It has many steamship and railroad lines. Because of so much traffic in the streets, bridges have been built over the streets on which trains run. This is called the elevated line.

There are also tunnels dug under the city. These are called subways.

New York has the largest manufacturing establishments in the world. More newspapers are published here than in any other city in the world.

New York is a center for wholesale trade. Many merchants go there to purchase things for their stores.

The city is famous for its parks, from seven to nine hundred feet high. Some of these are the Metropolitan, Eagle, Woolworth and Equitable buildings.

—HERBERT CARLSON, Age 12, Baltic.

A Hungry Dog.

Dear Uncle Jed: A hungry dog once found a large piece of meat. He was glad to get it. You may be sure, for he'd had nothing to eat for a long time. He picked the meat in his teeth and ran to a quiet place to eat it all by himself.

In the water he saw another dog with another piece of meat. So greedy was he that he opened his mouth, snapped at the meat which belonged to the other dog, when behold! his own meat fell into the brook and was carried down the stream where he could not reach it.

Too late he saw that the other dog was simply his own reflection. His greed had cost him his breakfast.

—ANTHONY SKRABA, Age 12, Versailles.

A Schoolhouse on Fire.

Dear Uncle Jed: There was a dreadful fire. It was the Saint Mary's hall and school. The sisters made the children work hard to get their books. A boy up by my house had some books besides his own. We could stand on the corner of Turner street and see the blaze.

—DORIS BAKERBROOKS, Age 9, Willimantic.

Winifred Feeds the Chickens.

Dear Uncle Jed: I would like to tell you about the Wide-Awakes about our chickens.

We have 84 chickens. The first hen that came off had only four chickens

because she got snowed in in a deep snowstorm. We think some of her eggs got chilled. The hawk took one of the chickens so she has only three left.

The next hen came off with ten White Wyandottes. The hawk caught one of them.

Two hens came off the same day, one with ten chickens and the other with 12 chickens. The hawk took one of them.

The next hen came off with 10 chickens.

The hen that came off next had 12 chickens.

The next hen came off with 11 Rhode Island Red chickens. I think they are pretty.

Then a hen came off with ten chickens. Two of the chickens died.

The last hen came off this morning with ten chickens.

At last papa had to build each hen a coop with a little yard with netting over the top so the hawks would not take any more of our chickens.

We have four more hens setting. I feed and water the chickens most every night and morning.

—WINIFRED BRIGGS, Age 12, Jewett City.

A Day at Rocky Point.

Dear Uncle Jed: I will write about my trip to Rocky Point. One Sunday morning about 8 o'clock my mother, a friend and I started for Rocky Point. We hired an auto for the day which was to carry us there and back, a distance of about 96 miles.

We went through Jewett City, Dan- leau, Putnam and arrived at Rocky Point about 10 o'clock. There wasn't very much going on, as the performers were preparing for their afternoon performances, but the first thing that drew our attention was the swinging baskets in which you sat, each basket holding four people, and whirled around, going higher each time they turned.

We were on these for some time before we got to the shore dinner; then we proceeded to the eating house, from which we had a fine view of the ocean and passing ships.

The dinner consisted of chowder, clam fritters, steamed clams, oysters, fish of all kinds and last but not least, watermelon.

After dinner everything was in full swing. This was formed by little sleighs on tracks that run up and down the beach after one gets used to it. But at first as you go down the tracks quick as a flash, then straight up and down through dark tunnels, here and there statues of Adam and Eve and others, it's pretty shaky.

We spent the day there and started for home about 5 o'clock, arriving home at 7:30 o'clock.

Hope the Wide-Awakes will have a chance to see Rocky Point some day.

—ALPHONSE FOURNIER, Age 12, Norwich.

Kindness to Animals.

Dear Uncle Jed: The wagon was heavily loaded with bars of iron. It looked too heavy for a single horse to draw. The patient creature had strained and tugged until he was sweating in reaching the top of the hill. Now he must back the heavy load in at the open door of the barn.

"Back! Back!" cried the driver, pulling lightly at the reins.

The horse braced his forefeet and pushed, but the wagon did not move. The man gave the reins a jerk and to the back of the truck and pulled. "Back!" he cried.

The horse strained every muscle. "Back!" cried the driver again.

The wagon moved this time at least a foot. Once more the driver pulled and the horse pushed, together.

With the last command the great horse shoved with all his might. There was a sound of splintering wood, and the wagon rolled back. Not a blow had been struck. Only gentle words had been spoken and the horse had done the rest. The man went to the horse's head, took his nose in his hands, patted him between the eyes and said:

"Good old Boss! You did it, didn't you? You knew the way."

The horse rubbed his nose against the man's cheek.

—MARTHA ANSLER, Age 11, Versailles.

My Fishing Party.

Dear Uncle Jed: Last summer when I had just learned how to row my father's boat, my cousins came to see me. After they had been here for a while I asked my mother if my cousins and myself could go a trip.

My mother said: "Yes."

I got the boat ready and rowed across the pond with the things. Then I went back after my cousins and rowed them across.

The boys made a fire and the girls started the dinner while the boys went fishing.

The boys got a lot of fish and skinned them.

When dinner was ready we all sat down to eat. After we had eaten our dinner we all went out for a row.

We had a chance to row. Then we went ashore and had some ice cream and played a game until we started for home.

We had a very nice time.

—PAULINE PERRY, Age 12, South Windham.

Her Dog Nero.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you about my pet dog. His name is Nero. He is black and white and is quite large.

When I come home from school he comes as far as the cemetery to meet me. One day a cow came to the door. The dog was upstairs in the barn. When he saw him he jumped down. My mother did not let him go after the cow for she was afraid he would hurt it.

My brother has him trained to jump on chairs and many other high things. When he wants something to eat he growls like a lion. One day he followed me to school and I had a very hard time getting him out of the school yard. He often plays with him out in the field.

—JEANNE THEVE, Age 10, Norwich.

Beauty Follows Her.

Dear Uncle Jed: I have a pet cat named Beauty. His colors are yellow, white and gray. He is a very playful kitten.

Whenever I go to the store he follows me. One day when I was going to the city he followed me, and I had to go all the way home with him.

Morning when he wakes up I comes to my bedroom and mews until I get up.

When I eat my breakfast he jumps on the chair and waits until I give him something to eat.

When he cannot find me in the house he goes outdoors to look for me.

—LEXA KRAJEWSKI, Age 11, Norwich.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

What the Birds Told Each Other.
Mrs. Swallow was on her way home from the mud puddle down by the brook where she had been getting mud to fix her nest with. She stopped in the middle of a large field to rest on a rock.

All at once Mrs. Wren came flying from another direction with a piece of hay in her beak and alighted on the grass beside the rock. Then the conversation began:

"Good morning, Mrs. Wren," said

Mrs. Swallow, "what can you be doing there in the grass?"

"Hello!" answered Mrs. Wren, "and what do you suppose I'm doing but building a fine new nest?"

"Down there!" exclaimed Mrs. Swallow, "indeed, 'are you not afraid that the cats, snakes and our other enemies will catch your children before they are ready to fly? Why don't you build your nest in a tree or barn or in a do?"

"Then you would have nothing to fear. Swallows always have the best judgment!"

"Indeed!" never build a nest up like that," answered Mrs. Wren sharply. "I should be very much more afraid that my children would fall out of the nest than I would be where you live."

"Oh! I wouldn't run the risk of being caught by boys," said Mrs. Swallow, "but I am sure you will find where my nest is than down on the ground."

"Why do you build your nest of mud?" asked Mrs. Wren, "won't it be hard for the little ones?"

"Oh, no," answered Mrs. Swallow, "for we line it with soft feathers, so it is nice and warm."

"Then you are made of white bear skin. Their jacket is made of fur. Some children think that Eskimo children are white, but they are not. They are brown."

"Our babies ride in carriages but an Eskimo baby rides on its mother's back. The mother wears a coat with large pockets on the back of it. The pocket is lined with soft reindeer skins. This makes a nice warm nest for the baby."

In Greenland all the boys and girls have sleds. The runners are made of bone. The top is made of strips of seal skin. Dogs draw the sleds across the ice.

When the Eskimo kills a reindeer for meat, the boys and girls get the antlers. They take the antlers and put them a few feet apart, and try to slide through them, without touching them. Eskimo children cannot read or write. They do not go to school, for the Eskimos have no schools. They are very fond of stories, but they cannot read them in books. Their mothers cannot read either.

Eskimo children have a funny kind of candy. It is the red skin of a bird's foot, soaked in fat. You would not care for this kind of candy. But Eskimo children eat it and like it. The cold weather makes them like to eat fat.

CATHERINE NELSON, Age 12, Versailles.

The Loss of the Birkenhead.

The Birkenhead which was a large troop ship with six hundred and thirty passengers on board was sailing off the coast of Africa, on a clear night in February.

As the captain was anxious to shorten the voyage, he kept as near to the shore as he could.

Off Cape Dancer the vessel was steaming at the rate of nine miles an hour. Suddenly she struck upon a sunken rock with such force that she was a wreck in a few minutes.

The roll of the drum then sounded which called the soldiers to arms on the upper deck.

The call was obeyed though the soldiers knew it meant death.

Here the soldiers stood. No man showed restlessness or fear, although the ship was sinking fast.

Their commander, Colonel Seton, told the soldiers that there were only enough boats to carry the women and children to shore and that these must be saved first. No man made any objection.

The orders were given and obeyed promptly. The boats were got ready and lowered. Everything was done quickly for there was no time to waste. The women and children and old men were helped into the boats and made for the shore. This was done again and again until all the women and children were saved.

There were no boats for the troops and the boat as sinking so fast that the soldiers could not return in time to save them.

In an hour after the Birkenhead struck the rock it went to the bottom with the soldiers and officers.

JAMES KELLY, Age 14, Versailles.

St. Peter's Church.

St. Peter's church is the finest and largest church in the world. It is in the city of Rome, which is noted for its ancient greatness and magnificent statuary.

The open space in front of the church is covered with a series of about ten acres. It is paved with squares of lava, covered by marble walks all coming to a center near the obelisk.

There are two semi-circular colonnades with four rows of columns, each forty-two and a half feet in height, and along the top is a row of statues each sixteen feet in height.

It is a remarkable church but it isn't the building or the surroundings that constitute the worth of a church, but the heartiness of worship and the willingness to do what duty demands.

The cathedral of St. Isaac in St. Petersburg, and St. Sophia in Constantinople, also, are wonderful churches.

SARAH BECKER, Age 12, Fitchville.

Explosion in a Coal Mine.

One morning when the pit men were at work in a coal mine, they heard a noise louder than thunder.

In a moment every lamp was out and many a man and boy threw down his tools and ran.

The men reached the bottom of the shaft and counted their number. Five were missing. Four men and one boy were crying. Brave men went back. They lit their lamps and reached the crash. They shouted, but there was no answer.

The men worked hard to free their comrades. Men came from all quarters to help.

After a little while the men heard a voice near. They went in the direction where they heard it and soon reached the men who had not been hurt.

When they came to the top all the people shouted for joy.

JAMES KELLY, Age 14, Versailles.

Mr. Whittier's School Days.

When Mr. Whittier was a little boy he went to school. His first school was in a farm house. The children had no desks in the room.

They used big pieces of slate. Mr. Whittier tells us a little about his school life. He wrote a poem about it. My Schoolmaster said: "Afterwards he went to school in a little brown schoolhouse."

He began to write poems when he was a boy. One day his sister, Mary, sent one of his poems to a newspaper. Whittier was then nineteen years old. He wished to become a poet. He kept his poems hidden away. He was much surprised to see his poem in a newspaper.

Mr. Whittier wished to learn more. He went to work and save his money. He went to school for some time, and afterwards he wrote many poems.

LEO PELLIQUIN, Age 11, Versailles.

The Wise Judge.

Early one morning as Adula, the wise judge, was stepping from his house, he came to a well-known goldsmith of the town. He rushed up to him in great excitement.

"O wise and honorable one, I have a piece of jewelry which I have just bought. I wish to have it appraised. I beg of you, give me justice."

"You shall have justice," replied Adula, "I promise you that I will discover the thief. If possible, your goods shall be returned. At any rate the wicked one shall be punished."

Much comforted by the judge's promise, the goldsmith proceeded himself before Adula, touching his forehead to the earth.

"Thank you, most honorable one, for your promise," said the goldsmith.

My Work on Saturday.
Dear Uncle Jed: I have to bake pie and bake bread. I generally make mince pie.

I do a great deal of sweeping and I do dishes. I have to do that too.

cause my mother is away at a hospital, sick.

SUSAN HATTEN, Age 9, Mt. Hope.

Greenland.

Very strange people live in Greenland. They are called Eskimos. Greenland is a country very far north. It is always cold there. So the children need warm clothing. Their stockings are made of birchbark and their shoes are made of seal skin.

An Eskimo girl does not wear skirts. Her clothes are like her brother's. They are made of white bear skin. Their jacket is made of fur.

Some children think that Eskimo children are white, but they are not. They are brown.

Our babies ride in carriages but an Eskimo baby rides on its mother's back. The mother wears a coat with large pockets on the back of it. The pocket is lined with soft reindeer skins. This makes a nice warm nest for the baby.

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